

elements are reduced to harmony, and peace descends on the human soul. All that is ugly, wicked, and undesirable is dissolved into peace and harmony. Thus music has an ennobling and uplifting effect on the human soul; mystic bliss results when one devotes one's talents to the worship of God. In such moments the human soul rises high to become one with God, its maker. The poet conveys this truth through a telling and vivid image. The human soul is likened to a bird with its wings out-spread, flying across the sea of eternity in its efforts to reach the divine. The poet knows that God takes pleasure in his song, for harmony of discordant notes is the basis of a song, and such harmony is also the basis of God's creation. A musician brings order out of disorder, just as God Himself imposed law and order on chaos—a welter of warring elements—and in this way creation took place. This creation is the music of God. That is why it is only through music that the poet can reach Him. It is only through music that the human soul can become one with the divine. It is a mystic experience which only inspired singers can have.

Says the poet with great humility that even in moments of such mystic inspiration, he does not hope to have a full glimpse of Him. He only hopes to touch His feet with the out-spread wings of his soul. Thus the image of the bird is continued in these lines also. However, intoxicated with the ecstatic joy, resulting from his inspired singing, he forgets that he is the servant of God and not His equal. God is his lord and master, but in such moments of mystic ecstasy he begins to feel that he is the equal and friend of God, instead of being a mere humble devotee.

Dissonant—discordant; harsh and jarring.

The sea—the ocean of eternity, the Infinite which separates man and God.

Vastness & immensity of god's love & the intimate relationship existing betⁿ him & the poet

I KNOW not how thou singest, my master! I ever listen in silent amazement.

The light of thy music illumines the world. The life breath of thy music runs from sky to sky. The holy stream of thy music breaks through all stony obstacles and rushes on.

By aesthetic and visual image

My heart longs to join in thy song, but vainly struggles for a voice. I would speak, but speech breaks not into song, and I cry out baffled. Ah, thou hast made my heart captive in the endless meshes of thy music, my master!

material structure made of word network of mind

God is the master-musician. Sweet music results from the harmony of discordant and jarring notes, and such a harmony is brought about by a skilled musician. This creation is the music of God, for it is the result of harmony and order imposed upon chaos, which was nothing but a welter of discordant and warring elements. God is the master-musician and this universe is his music.

The poet's intense yearning for union with god is emphasized. The range of separations & obstacles in the way are also described

The poet listens to the sweet song of his Master with amazement. His music illuminates the universe. He enlivens it from sky to sky by the life-breath of His song. Like a holy stream, His music rushes on overcoming all obstacles in the way. Even the stones are moved by divine music. This divine music is here compared to (a) light; (b) life-breath; and (c) a strong current of water. *The imagery here is synaesthetic, i.e., one sense is spoken of in terms of another. This music (sound) pertaining to ear is likened to light pertaining to the eye. The image is audio-visual.*

The poet yearns to imitate God and sing with Him. But he cannot do so. His voice fails him, and he cannot speak or sing. He cries out in extreme dismay and bewilderment. Human insignificance and imperfection as compared to the divine is then brought out. The poet will like to become one with God, but he cannot do so because he is entrapped in this world or *Maya* which is the endless music of God. The sweet harmony of God's music is constantly sounded through the universe, and the poet is held captive by it. He listens to it with rapturous joy, and cannot free himself from its meshes.

Kabir writes, "Held by the cords of love, the swing of the ocean of joy sways to and fro: and a mighty sound breaks forth in song. Music is all around it, and then the heart partakes of the joy of the infinite sea. Thus unstruck music is sounded; it is the music of the love of the three worlds. Look upon life and death, there is no separation between them."

IV

LIFE of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act.

God's presence is all-pervasive. He is immanent through the universe. He pervades man's body, mind, heart and action. Therefore, it is the duty of man to keep himself pure and free of all evil so that his body, mind and heart may be the temple of God in the real sense of the word.

The poet addresses God as the 'Life' of his life, for, He is his maker, the source of his life and soul. He will try to keep his body pure so that it may be worthy of His touch for it. It is His touch alone which gives life and vitality to the different parts of his body.

All pervasive presence of God is suggested

true worship of God means mingling with humble humanity on terms of equality, and participation in their humble activities. The rich and the proud can never find God, for they keep aloof from the poor and the down-trodden. Wealth and the consequent pride are obstacles in the way of the communion with God. Service of our fellow-men, and love of them, is the highest form of worship. God loves the humble, and so we too must love and serve them.

Obeisance—worship.

The proper way to realise god. XI god is to be found

Universal brotherhood

accept life &

perform humble duties of life

LEAVE this chanting and singing and telling of beads ! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut ? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee !

with the humble eyes of the soil

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil !

Deliverance ? Where is this deliverance to be found ? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense ! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained ? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

The poet condemns isolation in an ivory tower or the ascetic way of life, and makes a forceful plea for participation in the daily activity of humble humanity.

The poet advises the priests to give up their counting of beads, their singing and chanting of mantras, and the worship of God in a secluded corner of the temple, with their eyes half-shut. God is not to be found in this way. God lives with the humble and down-trodden tillers of the fields, the path-makers who work hard at breaking stones. He lives in the company of those who toil in sun and shower, and whose clothes are soiled with dust. If the priest wants God he must come out of his temple, give up his holy robes, and work with the humble tillers of the soil in rain and sun. Tagore thus glorifies the life of humble labour, and rejects the ascetic way of life.

The ascetics seek for deliverance from the bondage of birth and death through a renunciation of life. But, says Tagore, such a deliverance is a mere illusion. God Himself is bound to all of us in chains of love. He Himself is not free, as He has voluntarily bound Himself to the work of creation, and to the objects He has created. How can then man ever hope to be free from

bondage? Deliverance is a mere illusion, the ascetic should accept life and perform the humble duties of life with his fellow-men. It is the lesson of universal brotherhood which the poet preaches.

Worship in an ivory tower or in the secluded corner of a temple is futile. Offering of incense and flowers are likely to serve no purpose. They are equally vain. God is to be found with the poor and the humble who earn their bread with the sweat of their brow. It does not matter if one's clothes grow torn, shabby and dirty through working in the fields or on the roads, for God loves the humble tiller despite his dirty and tattered dress. Participation in the activity of life is essential for God-realisation.

(Thus Tagore differs from the other mystics in as much as he advocates an acceptance of life and its activity, and not a rejection of it. He is a humanist and a spiritual realist.)

XII

THE time that my journey takes is long and the way
of it long.

I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of
light, and pursued my voyage through the
wildernesses of worlds leaving my track on many a
star and planet.

It is the most distant course that comes nearest to
thyself, and that training is the most intricate which
leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

The traveller has to knock at every alien door to
come to his own, and one has to wander through all
the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the
end.

My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them
and said 'Here are thou!'

The question and the cry 'Oh, where?' melt into
tears of a thousand streams and deluge the world
with the flood of the assurance 'I am!'

In this section the traveller symbolises the human soul in its search for the divine. This quest of the soul began long ago with the dawn of creation. The human soul must travel far and wide—on many a star and planet—and gain much and varied experience, before it can realise the truth that God is immanent through the universe and is present everywhere.

This is the highest wisdom but it can be achieved through a varied experience over the ages. The poet explains the point through a simile taken from music. In music a skilled musician harmonises the varied notes of an Orchestra to create the sweet harmony of a simple tune. Similarly through constant training and spiritual discipline over long periods of time alone can

the night with starry vigil and its head bent low with patience.

The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish, and thy voice pour down in golden streams breaking through the sky.

Then thy words will take wing in songs from every one of my birds' nests, and thy melodies will break forth in flowers in all my forest groves.

The poet has prayed to God, and waited patiently, but God, his lover, has not heeded his prayers. He has not spoken to him. But the poet will endure His silence and continue to wait patiently till He is moved and speaks to him. The poet conveys his feelings through a fresh and graphic image. Just as the night, with her starry eyes, and with her head bowed down waits patiently for the light of day, so also he will wait for God, his lover. Just as the waiting of the night is rewarded with the dawn of day, so also his patient vigil will be rewarded, and God will speak to him in His golden voice.

The poet is sure that the darkness of separation will at last come to an end, and the bright beautiful morning of his re-union with his lover will dawn. His voice will one day break forth in sweet songs from the birds, and from the numerous beautiful flowers in full bloom in the forest. In other words, time will come when every object of Nature will express to the poet the greatness and glory of God. But for such a mystic apprehension of the divine a process of patient self-discipline and self-purification is essential. The poet is determined to go through this process.

XX ✓

ON the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I knew it not. My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded.

Only now and again a sadness fell upon me, and I started up from my dream and felt a sweet trace of a strange fragrance in the south wind.

That vague sweetness made my heart ache with longing and it seemed to me that it was the eager breath of the summer seeking for its completion.

I knew not then that it was no near, that it was mine, and that this perfect sweetness had blossomed in the depth of my own heart.

In this lyric the poet conveys to us the mystic truth that God lives in our own heart. He is to be found there, and not in the outside world. He seeks to convey this truth through the use of vivid and graphic images taken from the world of nature.

The poet is in search of flowers and goes out with an empty basket to collect flowers. A lotus is in full bloom, but the poet is lost in thought, his

mind wanders from the object of his quest, and he does not heed the lotus which blooms near him. God is quite close to us, within our own heart, but we wander here and there searching for him in the outside world. We thus miss Him and His love.

The poet felt a vague sadness and longing. He was like the deer who feels a sweet fragrance coming to him with the wind and wanders in pursuit of it, and does not realise that he himself is the source of that fragrance. So the poet searched for God in the outside world and was sad because he could not find Him. He did not realise that God lived in his own heart and must be searched for there.

Lotus—in Hindu mythology lotus is the seat of the divine.

Note Tagore's use of the picturesque image of the *musk* deer.

✓ XXI

I MUST launch out my boat. The languid hours pass
by on the shore—Alas for me !

The spring has done its flowering and taken
leave. And now with the burden of faded futile
flowers I wait and linger.

The waves have become clamorous, and upon the
bank in the shady lane the yellow leaves flutter and
fall.

What emptiness do you gaze upon ! Do you not
feel a thrill passing through the air with the notes of
the far-away song floating from the other shore ?

The poet-beloved waited for years for reunion with the God-lover. He has waited and waited lazily on the shore, till the spring has passed, the flowers have faded, and yellow autumn leaves fall and flutter on the river-bank. He has wasted the best part of his life without preparing himself adequately through self-purification and spiritual discipline for re-union with his lover, the Supreme.

The waves of the sea are calling upon him loudly to launch his boat. He would do so without much further delay for he hears the sound of sweet music coming to him on the wind from the other shore. The sound of music thrills him, the waves call him, and he must promptly sail. The urge of re-union with the divine is strong within him, and he can delay no longer.

The river symbolises the ocean of eternity which the human soul must cross before it can be re-united with its maker. The lyric brings out the yearning of the human soul for the Eternal.

Who is that singer who sings far-away and whose distant song thrills the poet ? He may be the *Jivan-Devata*, the Lord of the poet's life. Or he may be Krishna of Vaishnava love-poetry whose call Radha cannot resist.

followed by rain. But the beloved keeps waiting and watching, for the divine lover may visit him at any moment unexpectedly.

The rain, the light, the breeze are all the different messengers of the divine lover coming to the poet with His greetings. The poet waits and watches at his doorsteps, for the divine may come to him suddenly and unexpectedly at any moment. The poet waits for that happy moment, and sings and smiles with joy as the air is filled with perfume foreshadowing the approach of the divine lover.

XLV

HAVE you not heard his silent steps? He comes, comes, ever comes.

Every moment and every age, every day and every night he comes, comes, ever comes.

Many a song have I sung in many a mood of mind, but all their notes have always proclaimed, 'He comes, comes, ever comes.'

In the fragrant days of sunny April through the forest path he comes, comes, ever comes.

In the rainy gloom of July nights on the thundering chariot of clouds he comes, comes, ever comes.

In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press upon my heart, and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes my joy to shine.

God is all pervasive and immanent in Nature and in the life of man. He visits man silently and unexpectedly in many forms and at all times, and so man should always be wakeful and watchful to welcome Him. He comes to us through all ages and at all moments. He is the inspirer of all the songs of the poet, in whatever mood, they may be sung. All his songs proclaim divine influence and inspiration. He comes through the forests in the form of perfume in the April month of spring, and in the form of rain and thundering clouds in the dark month of July. When the poet is in grief He comes to him, and His visitation lightens his grief and he smiles with joy.

Note the repetition of the words, "He comes, comes, ever comes", to intensify the desired effect.

God is immanent in Nature and in the life of man. Compare *The Gita*: "Of creation the beginning and the ending, and also the middle am I. Of weapons I am the thunderbolt. Of purifiers I am the wind. Of months I am *margasirsha* or the season of flowers."

XLVI

I KNOW not from what distant time thou art ever coming nearer to meet me. Thy sun and stars can never keep thee hidden from me for aye.

The sea surges up with laughter and pale gleams the smile of the sea beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

The lyric celebrates the innocence and simplicity of children. Children play in a carefree manner on the shores of the world, they have always done so, and will continue to do so in the future also. For the children all the worlds, this world as well as the world to come, are playgrounds where they play in all innocence untroubled by the worries and cares which beset the grown-ups.

The vast motionless sky spreads over their heads, and the water of the ocean is tempestuous. But they go on playing, shouting and dancing in their play, without caring for the pleasant or unpleasant aspects of Nature.

Many are the innocent games which they play. They build houses of sand, blow empty shells, float boats made of withered leaves, etc. They have no cares and worries about earning their livelihood. The grown-ups cast nets or swim to catch fish, they dive in to bring out pearls, and they sail out for trade and commerce. But the children are not concerned with any such materialistic activity. They do not care for worldly possessions, they go on with their innocent games which make up their little lives.

Nature is their mother and they are not afraid of her unpleasant aspects. They love her when she smiles upon them; they love her when she frowns and is angry. The roar of the destructive sea waves is sweet to them like a mother's lullaby. The tempests and sea-waves may cause death and destruction but children go on with their innocent games.

Men are the children of God, and they too should be resigned to His will, and do their duty without caring for the consequences. They should learn the lesson of detachment from the children.

The refrain, "On the sea-shores of endless worlds children play" has a mantric quality. The lyric has been universally admired for its music and melody.

LXI

THE sleep that flits on baby's eyes—does anybody know from where it comes? Yes, there is a rumour that it has its dwelling where, in the fairy village among shadows of the forest dimly lit with glow-

worms, there hang two timid buds of enchantment.
From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps—does anybody know where it was born? Yes, there is a rumour that a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps.

The sweet, soft freshness that blooms on baby's limbs—does anybody know where it was hidden, so long? Yes, when the mother was a young girl it lay pervading her heart in tender and silent mystery of love—the sweet, soft freshness that has bloomed on baby's limbs.

It is a lyric of rare charm and delicacy celebrating the innocence and beauty of children. The sweet sleep that hangs over a baby's eyes is no ordinary sleep as that of the grown-ups. It is a magic sleep that has come to the baby from two magic buds growing in some enchanted island lighted by the light of glow-worms. Similarly, the smile that plays upon his lips is no ordinary smile. It comes to him from the beautiful golden rays that have touched and irradiated some autumn cloud, which appears all the more beautiful in the light of day-dawn.

The sweet tenderness of its limbs, soft and beautiful like a flower, comes from the heart of its mother, which, when she was a girl, was full of sweet and tender love.

The charm of the lyric lies in its extremely delicate similes, so apt, suggestive and imaginative. They are an expression of the romantic strain in the genius of the poet.

LXII

WHEN I bring to you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colours on clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints—when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance I truly know why there is music in leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth—when I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

garland the earth. The earth is personified, and the different attributes of a flower girl are ascribed to her.

And there comes.....ocean of rest—this is the myth of the evening, representing evening as a girl with a pitcher of water on her head.

Tagore is the greatest of myth-makers among the Indians writing in English.

LXVIII

THY sunbeam comes upon this earth of mine with arms outstretched and stands at my door the livelong day to carry back to thy feet clouds made of my tears and sighs and songs.

With fond delight thou wrappest about thy starry breast that mantle of misty cloud, turning it into numberless shapes and folds and colouring it with hues everchanging.

It is so light and so fleeting, tender and tearful and dark, that is why thou lovest it, O thou spotless and serene. And that is why it may cover thy awful white light with its pathetic shadows.

The lyric is a song of praise to God's love and charity. God loves all His creation. Out of His love He sends His sunbeams to the earth, which come with their arms stretched to embrace the poet, as a mother fondles her child with love and affection. It carries the cloud made of the tears and sighs of the suffering humanity to God, and God out of His love and charity takes that cloud, irradiates it with divine beauty, imparts numerous, evershifting and changing colours, though He Himself is awfully white, spotless and radiant in His beauty. God is spotless, calm and serene but He loves His suffering creation, its tears and sighs move His heart, envelop His heart with grief, and darken His usual radiance as a cloud envelops the sky and obscures its starry brightness. It is only on account of His deep love for humanity that the cloud of its tears and sighs is able to reach Him and obscure His stainless white radiance.

Thy sunbeam.....and songs—another expression of Tagore's mythopoeic imagination.

LXIX

THE same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow.

I feel my limbs are made glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment.

God is immanent and all-pervasive. He is one and undivisible, but He objectifies Himself through the countless objects and phenomena of Nature, her countless forms and shapes. He is the universal soul—the soul of all the worlds—as Wordsworth puts it—and soul both of man and nature is derived from this universal soul. That is why the poet says that the same life which runs through his veins also runs through the veins of the countless objects of nature. It finds a joyful, melodious expression through the sounds of nature. In fact in all nature there is a rhythmic dance of joy, an expression of the joy of the Divine in the act of creation, which is nothing but so many different manifestations of the Supreme. It is the same soul which runs through the grass, the flower, the leaves and the waves of the ocean. It also manifests itself through the rhythmic dance of life and death symbolised by the ebb and flow of the sea.

The poet is proud of his life, because it is an expression of the divine in him and also because it connects him with the life that has gone on through the ages. The life in him is an indication of his divinity and immortality, and so he is proud of it.

LXX

Is it beyond thee to be glad with the gladness of this rhythm ? To be tossed and lost and broken in the whirl of this fearful joy ?

All things rush on, they stop not, they look not behind, no power can hold them back, they rush on.

Keeping steps with that restless, rapid music, seasons come dancing and pass away—colours, tunes, and perfumes pour in endless cascades in the abounding joy that scatters and gives up and dies every moment.

There is a swift dance of joy in all Nature. The swiftness of this dance is symbolised by the on-rush of torrents or the fearful whirl of storms. All things seem to be eternally on the move, without any stopping or turning back. Nothing can hold back this on-rush of all creation. This joy is manifested in the cyclic changes of seasons which keep rapidly and eternally moving on in their rhythmic motion. Colours, tunes, perfumes etc., keep on pouring in an endless torrential on-rush, like that of a cascade. Entire nature overflows with joy. "Does the creator partake in this universal joy ?" asks the poet, and replies that He certainly does so. As a matter of fact, this joy in nature is an expression of the divine joy in the act of creation. God created with love and

LXXXI

ON many an idle day have I grieved over lost time.
But it is never lost, my lord. Thou hast taken every
moment of my life in thine own hands.

Hidden in the heart of things thou art nourishing
seeds into sprouts, buds into blossoms, and ripening
flowers into fruitfulness.

I was tired and sleeping on my idle bed and
imagined all work had ceased. In the morning I woke
up and found my garden full with wonders of flowers.

The lyric expresses the poet's faith in God and His immanence. God is everywhere working ceaselessly. He is behind all the activity that goes on in nature. It is He who makes the seeds grow, buds blossom into flower, and flowers ripen into fruit. Man must place himself entirely in His hands, and not regret over the time he has lost in laziness or the work that still remains to be done. God has ample time at His disposal. He is Almighty, kind and loving and He has our good constantly in mind. Whatever we are unable to do, God will do it for us. Only Absolute Faith is needed, and then divine bliss will overwhelm us. This mystic experience is conveyed through a graphic image, the image of a tired child sleeping, and waking next morning in a garden full of wonderful flowers.

LXXXII

TIME is endless in thy hands, my lord. There is none
to count thy minutes.

Days and nights pass and ages bloom and fade
like flowers. Thou knowest how to wait.

Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a
small wild flower.

We have no time to lose, and having no time we
must scramble for our chances.

We are too poor to be late.

And thus it is that time goes by while I give it to
every querulous man who claims it, and thine altar
is empty of all offerings to the last.

At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate
be shut; but I find that yet there is time.

God is Eternal and Infinite, while man is finite. His life is short and limited. Ages and centuries pass and God continues to work incessantly for the perfection of His creation. Even science believes that it takes centuries to perfect a flower, and the evolution of man must have taken aeons. During all this time the God-lover has waited patiently for the return of His beloved, the human soul, to Him. Man's time is limited, and so human beings scramble to

make the maximum of any chance that may offer itself to them. Lost in this mad scramble for worldly power and pelf, they forget their maker. But He does not forget them. He waits and waits patiently up to the very last for man to return to Him. God's patience, mercy, and love are infinite and man need not despair. It is never too late to return to Him.

LXXXIII

MOTHER, I shall weave a chain of pearls for thy neck
with my tears of sorrow.

The stars have wrought their anklets of light to
deck thy feet, but mine will hang upon thy breast.

Wealth and fame come from thee and it is for thee
to give or to withhold them. But this my sorrow is
absolutely mine own, and when I bring it to thee as
my offering thou rewardest me with the grace.

The poet addresses God as his beloved mother and says that he will weave a chain out of the pearl like tears which he sheds in deep grief. The stars have also woven a chain for her. She wears this chain round her ankles, but the chain of tears which the poet will weave for her, she will wear near her breast.

Offerings of worldly wealth and fame are not so dear to, and valued by, God as the tears of grief of a suffering soul. The wealth which a devotee offers comes to him from God Himself, but the tears of a suffering person are his own. They are, therefore, offerings in the real sense and are valued as such by the Almighty. Suffering purifies the soul and brings it nearer to the heart of God.

LXXXIV

It is the pang of separation that spread throughout
the world and gives birth to shapes innumerable in
the infinite sky.

It is this sorrow of separation that gazes in silence
all night from star to star and becomes lyric among
rustling leaves in rainy darkness of July.

It is this overspreading pain that deepens into
loves and desires, into sufferings and joys in human
homes; and this it is that ever melts and flows in
songs through my poet's heart.

God created the universe by dividing Himself, separating parts of Himself, and giving them a myriad beautiful shapes. The innumerable beautiful shapes, colours and sounds that we perceive through the senses are so many different parts of the Supreme Soul. In thus dividing Himself into myriad forms, the God Almighty suffered infinite pain. This pang of separation pervades all nature from the sky to the earth. It spreads from star to star, and is heard in the rustling of the leaves in the dark rainy months of July.